

GRIMM SITUATIONS:
“Once Upon a Time - Part 1”
BY JOHNATHAN “ENTER” ROZANSKI

[This episode begins at the Wolfgang household, with chaos going around. At the kitchen table, 5-year-old Hugo is ignoring his cereal to play with a sock puppet. A fairytale book is out on the table. 12-year-old Bubbles walks onto screen. Their father is sitting at the table, looking at his cellphone.]

Bubbles: Dad, have you seen my jacket?

[Their dad puts down his cell phone and looks up.]

Henry: Do you really need a jacket? It's going to be over 70 today.

Bubbles: Yeah, *going* to be, obviously.

Henry: Well, where did you leave it?

Bubbles: I dunno, I haven't used it since school ended last year.

[Henry rolls his eyes and looks back down at his cell phone.]

Xavier: Dad, do you know where my baseball cap is?

Henry: (sigh), where did you leave it, Xavier?

Xavier: If I knew... I wouldn't be asking.

Henry: Are you kids even allowed to wear hats in class?

Xavier: Uh... yes?

[Henry looks at Xavier sternly.]

Xavier: Well, it doesn't matter if I can wear it around, it's lucky. And I want to actually make the baseball team this year.

[Cut to Bubbles pulling on her leather jacket.]

Bubbles: I can't believe you still believe that a stupid hat gives you luck.

Xavier: Better than believing a stupid jacket makes you cool, *Bubbles*.

Bubbles: I'll have you know there's no such thing as luck.

Hugo: There's totally luck! I read a story about this special coin and—

Henry: Come on guys, don't fight. Where's Meadow?

Xavier & Bubbles: Where do you think?

[Henry rolls his eyes.]

[Cut to Meadow in her bed groaning. She has blue splotches all of her face.]

Meadow: (Groan)

[Henry enters the room and flips on the light switch.]

Dad: Meadow, you've got to go to school.

Meadow: But I'm dying! Look at me!

[Henry wipes off some of the blue splotches with his finger.]

Henry: I wondered where the blueberries went. Get dressed, you don't want to miss your first day.

Meadow: Actually, I kinda do.

Henry: Do we have to go through this every single year?

[Meadow pulls her covers over her head.]

Henry: Is it really so hard to just get up and go to school?

Meadow: You don't know what it's like.

Henry: Right, because I've never been to fourth grade before. Oh wait, I have.

Meadow: Well you've never met my fourth grade teacher, Mr. Beetle.

Henry: He can't be too bad.

[Meadow takes off her covers.]

Meadow: He's the DEVIL.

Henry: That's a terrible thing to say about someone. Now, either you get out of this room in 15 minutes or you won't be leaving it for two months.

[Meadow lies there for a beat.]

Henry: *Meadow.*

Meadow: What? I'm thinking.

[Transition to Meadow waiting for the bus, in glasses and a messy ponytail. Her siblings are waiting there with her.]

Bubbles: Eh, Mr. Beetle *has* to be better than Ms. Fitch. Everyone else says that she's a witch.

Xavier: BUBBLES!

Bubbles: What? I said witch. This time. And I said don't call me Bubbles out here.

Xavier: Oh sorry, Bubba.

Bubbles: Ha ha, you know it's Ryan.

Xavier: You know that's a boys' name right?

Bubbles: It's better than going by "Bubbles Wolfgang", and it's unisex for the record.

Xavier: And there's that language again. Better not Dad hear you talk like that.

Meadow: Would you two be quiet? I'm shaking out here.

Bubbles: Which is why I wear the jacket.

Hugo: You guys don't seem to... happy bout goin' to school. I heard it's gonna be fun.

Bubbles: Oh yeah, place is magical.

Hugo: Really!? Geoffrey, you hear that?

[Hugo talks to his sock puppet.]

Bubbles: Forgot you had to be a certain level of developed to understand sarcasm.

Hugo: What?

Meadow: Oh don't listen to her. I ain't gonna lead you astray. School is this miserable horrible evil place where both kids and adults judge every move you make and no matter whatcha do it's never good enough.

[Hugo looks more and more afraid until he's on the verge of crying.]

Xavier: C'mon, he's goin' to kindergarten. How tough could it be?

Meadow: Oh yeah, kindergarten is easy. That's how they getcha. They lure you into a false sense of security with bright colors and nap time until yer too far in to escape.

[Hugo starts crying. Bubbles rolls her eyes as the bus arrives.]

[Cut to Hugo in a brightly colored room. He's sniffing, and looking to many of his classmates. They all look at him with confusion. Hugo looks more and more nervous. The pressure builds until he eventually starts crying. This is interrupted when the door swings open.]

Ms. Lucinda: My my, whatever is going on in here?

[A random boy, Chester, points towards Hugo.]

Chester: That kid just started cryin' like a big baby.

Hugo: I'm not— I'm not a big baby.

[Ms. Lucinda walks over to Hugo and bends down.]

Ms. Lucinda: No, you certainly aren't a big baby. You're a big brave boy aren't you?

Hugo: Y-yeah.

Ms. Lucinda: Then why are you crying?

Hugo: My sister said school's a... big bad place with everyone judgin' you and stuff.

Ms. Lucinda: Oh that's silly nonsense. School is a magical place where wonderful things happen.

Hugo: It really is?

Ms. Lucinda: Yeah, it is.

[Hugo reaches into his backpack and pulls out his fairytale book.]

Hugo: I like magic! They make stories just the best.

[Ms. Lucinda takes the book and looks through it.]

Ms. Lucinda: My my, reading at your age, and stories from around the world too.

Hugo: Yup, my Daddy says that I'm advanced for my age.

[Another kid, Melody, snickers.]

Melody: Yeah, mine does too.

[Hugo glares at her.]

Ms. Lucinda: Now, now. School is a place where we should all get along. In fact, it was quite nasty what your sister did.

Hugo: Y-yeah, I guess it was.

Ms. Lucinda: I've got an idea... how about we teach her a lesson?

Hugo: Teach her a lesson? But Daddy says revenge is wrong.

Ms. Lucinda: No, you silly goose. It's not going to be revenge. It's going to be *teaching*. We are in school, aren't we? And this is a lesson for everyone.

Hugo: A-alright.

Ms. Lucinda: Okay, now I want you to listen to me very carefully. Close your eyes.

[Hugo closes his eyes.]

Ms. Lucinda: Now say

[Ms. Lucinda whispers in his ears.]

Hugo: Zeelee... tempula... bestina... adore? What? Is that like a made up language?

[There's gasping around the classroom.]

Ms. Lucinda: Why don't you open your eyes and find out?

[Hugo opens his eyes and sees Ms. Lucinda right in front of him, except she has morphed into a fairy and his flying just above his nose.]

Hugo: You're a fairy!

Ms. Lucinda: And you, dear Hugo, are a very special boy.

[Cut to Bubbles looking boredly in her class. She's sitting next to her friend, Serenity. Bubbles is looking through her cellphone, while Miss Fitch is writing on the board.]

Ms. Fitch: Bubbles is it? I requested that all cellular devices be put away while in my classroom.

[Bubbles looks surprised. The rest of the class snickers at her. Even Serenity is cringing.]

Bubbles: Uh... yeah, alright.

[Bubbles lowers her cellphone beneath the desk, and she tries to keep using it. Serenity is shaking her hand, almost trying to plead her not to continue.]

Ms. Fitch: Is there a reason that you're not following orders, Bubbles?

Bubbles: How did you... ?

[Ms. Fitch turns around.]

Ms. Fitch: At my age, you learn a thing or two about how kids behave. Maybe if you actually paid attention in my class you'd learn a thing or two as well.

[The class starts laughing.]

Bubbles: I know plenty.

Ms. Fitch: Do you?

Bubbles: Test me.

Ms. Fitch: I love a child with attitude. Makes the school year... so much more exciting. Very well, Bubbles. I've written a problem on the board.

Bubbles: But you didn't—

[Ms. Fitch steps aside and there is suddenly a problem on the board.]

Ms. Fitch: If you can solve the problem, I'll let you keep fiddling with your device. If you can't however, there will be consequences.

Serenity: [Whispering] Don't do this.

[Bubbles gets up and walks towards the board looking tough. She picks up a piece of chalk and looks to the board. The rest of the class looks extremely nervous as Bubbles starts writing. As Bubbles writes the chalk starts to wriggle, eventually it turns into a worm. It takes a beat for Bubbles to notice it.]

Bubbles: What the h—

[Bubbles drops the worm on the floor.]

Bubbles: What just happened?

Ms. Fitch: Pity, you got the problem wrong.

Bubbles: Nevermind that. The chalk became a worm!

Ms. Fitch: Yes, because you got the problem wrong.

Serenity: I tried to warn you.

Bubbles: Excuse me?

[The other classmates start laughing to each other.]

Bubbles: Whatever, I got the problem wrong.

[Ms. Fitch picks up the worm and has it turn back into chalk as she does so. Bubbles looks on nervously. Then Bubbles starts heading for her desk.]

Ms. Fitch: Tsk, tsk, Bubbles, we had a deal. You need to face your consequences.

Bubbles: And what your little magic trick wasn't enough?

Ms. Fitch: Wormwood chalk is meant to discourage wrong answers. However, you have more behaviors that we should probably leave behind. Fiddling on that phone during class, for instance.

[Bubbles takes it out of her pocket.]

Bubbles: Take it

[She's about to toss it when it starts ringing.]

Bubbles: I thought I left this on vibrate.

Ms. Fitch: Well, don't be rude. Answer it.

[Bubbles nervously puts the phone to her ear, and Ms. Fitch has a particularly evil grin. Bubbles answers the phone.]

Bubbles: He... hello?

[As Bubbles speaks a light representing her voice exits her mouth and flies into the phone. Bubbles starts lipreading the next couple of words before she releases what happened. Bubbles starts panicking, frantically trying to argue, but all that comes out is silence. Eventually Ms. Fitch takes out her own cellphone, and presses the answer button on it.]

Bubbles: {Voice over} What did you do to me!? Give me back my voice! They were right when they called you a b—

[Ms. Fitch hangs up the call.]

Ms. Fitch: This should curb that language problem as well. Don't worry, we can have your voice back when the day is done, provided you are able to behave.

[Bubbles sits back down at her desk, nervous as possibly can be. She tries speaking out of disbelief, but nothing comes out. Two classmates, Chelsey and Valarie whisper to each other.]

Chelsey: How'd she not know that was woodworm chalk?

Valarie: She'll probably couldn't recognize Salamander Potion either.

[Bubbles turns from them and nervously looks forward.]

[Cut to Xavier walking with his friend, Colt down the hall.]

Xavier: Yeah, my brother took it *really* hard this morning. I don't see him surviving his first day to be honest, Colt.

Colt: Well, maybe he's got a nice teacher. You heard of who?

Xavier: I think he got Ms. Lucinda.

Colt: Huh, she must be knew. Random chance then.

[Their other friend, Cookie walks up. She is completely disheveled.]

Xavier: Cookie, what happened to you!? You look like you were attacked!

Cookie: Oh nothing, my neighbor's chimera just got out again.

Xavier: Excuse me, what?

Cookie: You know, three heads - one of a lion—

Xavier: Yes, I know what a chimera is.

Cookie: Then you shouldn't be so shocked I'd be a little disheveled.

Xavier: [Sarcastically] Let me guess, you left the broadsword at home?

Cookie: Yeah.

Xavier: Once again, I reiterate. Excuse me, what?

Colt: You feelin' okay, Xavier?

Xavier: Considering my friend just walks up and says she was attacked by a chimera because she left her broadsword at home, I ain't too sure.

Cookie: You should probably get some more sleep tonight. It is pretty hard to shift to a school schedule. We should be getting to class.

Xavier: Guys, I appreciate a prank as much as the next dude, but this has gone a little bit too far.

Colt: Prank? What's so hard to believe about a chimera getting out?

Xavier: Oh just the fact that chimeras don't—

[As he talks, orange tails appear on screen.]

Mr. Keaton {Voice over}: Why aren't you kids heading to class?

[Xavier turns to see that Mr. Keaton is a kitsune.]

Mr. Keaton: Hmm, you appear to be in my class. Perhaps we should walk together.

Xavier: You're... Mr. Keaton?

Mr. Keaton: You seem surprised. Were you expecting someone else?

Xavier: Uh... kinda.

Colt: Don't mind him, Xavier has been acting strange all morning.

Xavier: I've been acting strange!?

Mr. Keaton: I would keep your voice down. A chimera is nothing compared to what the janitor will do if he hears screaming.

Xavier: What is the janitor a minotaur now, or something?

[There's the sound of a bull in the background.]

Xavier: Wait for me!

[We cut to in front of Mr. Keaton's classroom. Cookie and Colt go in ahead of him. Mr. Keaton stops and waits for Xavier.]

Mr. Keaton: You have quite the interesting aura about you, Mr...

Xavier: Xavier.

Mr. Keaton: You seem as if you don't belong.

Xavier: I don't belong!? I'm sorry, I forgot I was talking to a fox.

Mr. Keaton: Kitsune. Don't be insulting, Master Xavier.

Xavier: S-sorry.

Mr. Keaton: You've never come across a chimera?

Xavier: Uh no.

Mr. Keaton: Manticore?

Xavier: No on that one either.

Mr. Keaton: Not a single dragon?

Xavier: Yeah, in a video game I guess. I couldn't... imagine facing a dragon.

Mr. Keaton: That is odd.

Xavier: That's the part that's odd?

Mr. Keaton: I was under the assumption that you've at least attempted to be an athlete for the school.

Xavier: Oh right, because we have a proud team of dragon slayers.

Mr. Keaton: Oh heavens, don't make me sick Master Xavier. We as a society have moved past that and banned the practice nearly a hundred years ago. And I highly doubt Coach Hefras would be happy with such a spectacle. You clearly aren't from around here.

Xavier: No, I'm from here. You aren't.

Mr. Keaton: I see that you're going to be a difficult student for me in a variety of ways. Tell me, what seems more logical? The one person who has never seen a chimera or a kitsune being the outcast or everyone else?

Xavier: I want to say the last one.

Mr. Keaton: But I have confidence in saying you don't think that is the correct answer.

Xavier: But... this is my school. I took the same bus I took every year. Those were my friends.

Mr. Keaton: In a sense. We must be getting to class, but I think I know how to help you.

[Cut to inside Mr. Keaton's classroom. Xavier is standing there nervously. The class looks shocked.]

Cookie: Cursed!?

Xavier: What do you mean I'm cursed!?

Mr. Keaton: Someone out there has wished you some kind of harm.

Cookie: Well... fix him already.

Mr. Keaton: You can't just fix a curse unless you know what kind it is. Otherwise you could end up making the victim worse. Possibly kill him.

Xavier: Hold on a moment!

Colt: I mean, it's obviously a memory spell if he can't remember things like what a chimera is.

[Another kid from the back, Nick, answers.]

Nick: I doubt it, since he seemed to remember you two and knows the general layout of the school.

Mr. Keaton: Excellent marks, Mr. Nick. Indeed, while a memory spell that selective isn't *impossible*, it would truly take an outstanding sorcerer to pull something like that off. I haven't come across one with that ability in some odd four-hundred years. Unless my own memory has been addled.

Colt: Well what else could it be?

Mr. Keaton: The simplest answer is usually the correct one.

Xavier: That I've gone insane and I'm talking to my neighbor's cat?

Mr. Keaton: Someone truly insane wouldn't have your astute aptitude for comedy, good sir.

Xavier: Then you got a better idea?

Mr. Keaton: Perhaps it's... the opposite. Perhaps you've woken up to what the world truly is for the first time.

Xavier: This ain't my world, teach.

Mr. Keaton: Oh, I don't doubt it at all. Someone may have changed your reality.

Xavier: That's the simplest answer?

Mr. Keaton: Or you can keep having conversations with your imaginary cat.

Xavier: Why me, why now?

Colt: Oh, I got this! We don't have to be the direct recipients of a spell or curse! We can be targets by association, if a spell is cast on say a family member.

Cookie: Do you have to be a show off?

Mr. Keaton: Well, Master Xavier? An idea has blinked into your head.

Xavier: My sister, Ryan, said that her teacher Miss Fitch was a witch. Well, she said some other things about her, but that's the basic idea.

Mr. Keaton: Quite the powerful one as well.

Xavier: Wait, seriously!? Oh my God, my sister is in trouble.

Mr. Keaton: I wouldn't be too concerned. Miss Fitch may be a witch, but she does have the best interest of her students at heart. Now, do you know who your other siblings will be learning from?

Xavier: Well, Hugo has a new teacher, and Meadow has... uh... this is bad. This is bad. This is bad.

[Xavier gets up and runs out of the classroom.]

Mr. Keaton: Oh dear.

Colt: What was that about?

Mr. Keaton: I fear that his sister Meadow has... Mr. Beetle.

[The students gasp.]

Mr. Keaton: My condolences indeed.

[Cookie gets up and runs afterwards.]

Colt: Where are you going!?

Cookie: That dolt is going to get himself killed, just rushing into things without thinking.

Colt: Like you are now?

Cookie: Well, that's what friends do!

[Colt rolls his eyes and follows Cookie out of the room.]

Nick: You aren't going to stop them?

Mr. Keaton: Heavens no, I know not to cross Mr. Beetle.

[Cut to Meadow sitting in the class. She is sitting nervous along with everyone else. Her friend Felicity is sitting next to her, shaking even more. The entire class is nervous and shaking. Felicity is even praying.]

Felicity: Please, please, please let me survive this class.

Meadow: Isn't that... a bit of an overreaction?

Mr. Beetle: {Voice over} Overreaction she says...

[The lights dim down until the place gets pitch black. Then flames rise up around the walls of the room.]

Meadow: What... the...

[A shadow rises up from behind the teacher's desk.]

Mr. Beetle: Hell, I presume?

[Meadow nods nervously, the shadow of Mr. Beetle reflected in her glasses.]

Mr. Beetle: Kids like you shouldn't be using such language. Ah, the youngest generation makes me so proud.

[His shadow becomes a form of a traditional devil like figure in a top hat, goatee, and a twirly mustache.]

Mr. Beetle: It'd bring a tear to my eye if I could cry anything but brimstone.

[He picks out a piece of brimstone and tosses it.]

Meadow: Are you...

[The other kids quickly put their heads down.]

Mr. Beetle: Am I who?

Meadow: T-the devil.

Mr. Beetle: *The* devil. Oh you flatter me so. No, I'm not *the* devil if you're wondering. Simply your run of the mill "a" devil.

[Mr. Beetle gives a wicked grin.]

Felicity: Meadow, put your head down!

[Mr. Beetle turns to her.]

Mr. Beetle: Girl, what does your name happen to be?

Felicity: F-felicity

Mr. Beetle: Ah, a beautiful name. I hate it.

[Felicity cowers.]

Felicity: S-sorry Mr. Beetle.

[The fires burn brightly as Mr. Beetle scowls.]

Mr. Beetle: NEVER SAY THAT WORD IN MY CLASSROOM AGAIN!

Felicity: Sorry!

[Mr. Beetle scowls and Felicity cowers.]

Mr. Beetle: Felicity, an ironic name. In traditional parlance, it means a certain kind of eloquence, finding the right word to say in the most appropriate place. And you say that word, not once, but twice in my presence.

Felicity: I... I...

Mr. Beetle: Let me guess, you're going to say it once more?

Felicity: N-no, n-no, never again.

Mr. Beetle: A quick learner, my favorite type of student. It'll keep you alive. Not unscathed unfortunately.

Felicity: W-what?

[Mr. Beetle points towards Meadow]

Mr. Beetle: You there, Meadow, I heard.

Meadow: Y-yessir?

Mr. Beetle: What's your favorite torture device?

Meadow: I... don't have one of those.

Mr. Beetle: Me either, too hard to pick.

Felicity: You're going to torture me?

Mr. Beetle: No, you silly stupid girl.

[Felicity breathes a sigh of relief.]

Mr. Beetle: Meadow is.

Meadow: What? No! Felicity's my best friend.

Mr. Beetle: Such a way to treat a friend.

Meadow: By not torturing her!?

Mr. Beetle: She must be taught a lesson, and it looks as though you must as well.

Meadow: All she said was—

[Mr. Beetle scowls in warning.]

Meadow: That word.

[Mr. Beetle smiles as he tiptoes over to Meadow.]

Mr. Beetle: Such a strong, courageous and deer friend you are. I have a reward for someone like you.

Meadow: A reward?

Mr. Beetle: Open your desk.

[Meadow's desk starts rumbling.]

Meadow: I don't think that I want to.

Mr. Beetle: I told you to do something. By default that means you want to do it.

[Meadow closes her eyes and opens the desk. Creepy crawlies spring out and crawl all over her. Meadow looks like she's about to scream.]

Mr. Beetle: I wouldn't scream if I were you. You want to keep these creatures out.

Felicity: L-leave her alone!

[Mr. Beetle smiles, with his back turned to her.]

Mr. Beetle: And why should I?

Felicity: You're a devil, right?

[Mr. Beetle turns around.]

Mr. Beetle: Extraordinaire.

Felicity: I'll make a deal with you to leave my friend alone.

[Meadow is trying to shake off the creepy crawlies, but she's not able to.]

Mr. Beetle: You seem to care a great deal of this friend of yours.

Felicity: I'd... do anything for her.

[Mr. Beetle snaps his finger and a scroll appears.]

Mr. Beetle: Let's put it to the test, shall we?

Meadow: [Muffled] No, Felicity.

[A quill pen appears in Felicity's hands. She closes her eyes as she's about to sign. Meadow opens her mouth wide.]

Meadow: NOO!

[As something is about to crawl in her mouth, it disintegrates.]

Felicity: What did... I just do?

Mr. Beetle: Why don't you your friend?

Meadow: How am I supposed to know what you did?

Mr. Beetle: I wasn't talking about you.

[Mr. Beetle pulls out a voodoo doll marionette of Meadow that looks quite pained. He makes it stand up, and Meadow stands up.]

Mr. Beetle: Little Meadow, do you know what I did?

[Mr. Beetle whispers in "Little Meadow's" ears.]

Mr. Beetle: Oh Felicity, I want you to hop on one foot.

Meadow: What— Oh Felicity, I want you to hop on one foot.

[Felicity starts to hop on one foot.]

Felicity: What's going on. I can't control myself.

Mr. Beetle: Indeed, Meadow can though. The loyalty of a friend. It warms my heart. No wait, that was breakfast.

Meadow: Y-you can't do this.

Mr. Beetle: I'm not doing anything. In fact, you have my word that I won't even use Little Meadow.

Felicity: Would really like to stop now, please.

Mr. Beetle: She can only do it on your word, but I'd be clear on what you say. Wouldn't want to *stop* her heart, would we?

Meadow: Felicity, stop hopping on one foot.

[Felicity stops.]

Meadow: But... why?

Mr. Beetle: I told you, Felicity must be punished for her transgression.

Meadow: But why me.

[Mr. Beetle smiles.]

Mr. Beetle: Because I think you have potential. All of these other kids cowered and you faced a devil head on. That kind of spunk must be nurtured in the right direction.

Meadow: What?

Mr. Beetle: You've got a bright future ahead of you kid. I can imagine you being quite the... teacher's pet.

Meadow: N-no.

Mr. Beetle: Well then, perhaps you'd prefer being the teacher's pet?

[Meadow looks down to her hands, which are now paws.]

Meadow: (Screams) I'll be good.

Mr. Beetle: No, no you won't Meadow.

[Meadow looks to her hands again, and they've turned back to normal.]

Mr. Beetle: Well, I believe that was a fun start to the morning. We should really get into education. Let's learn how to divide shall we?

Meadow: You're teaching math first thing?

Mr. Beetle: What part of "I'm a devil" did you forget?

Felicity: It's going to be a long school year, I think.

Meadow: Tell me about it.

[There's a beat as Meadow realizes what she said.]

Felicity: Well, as you can see, our teacher is a devil. Not the devil, but a devil. And he's got a bunch of devil powers that he's already used to mess with me and—

[Mr. Beetle grins as he notices his handiwork.]

Mr. Beetle: It's going to be quite the year indeed.

Meadow: How... is the school letting you teach here?

Mr. Beetle: I have tenure.